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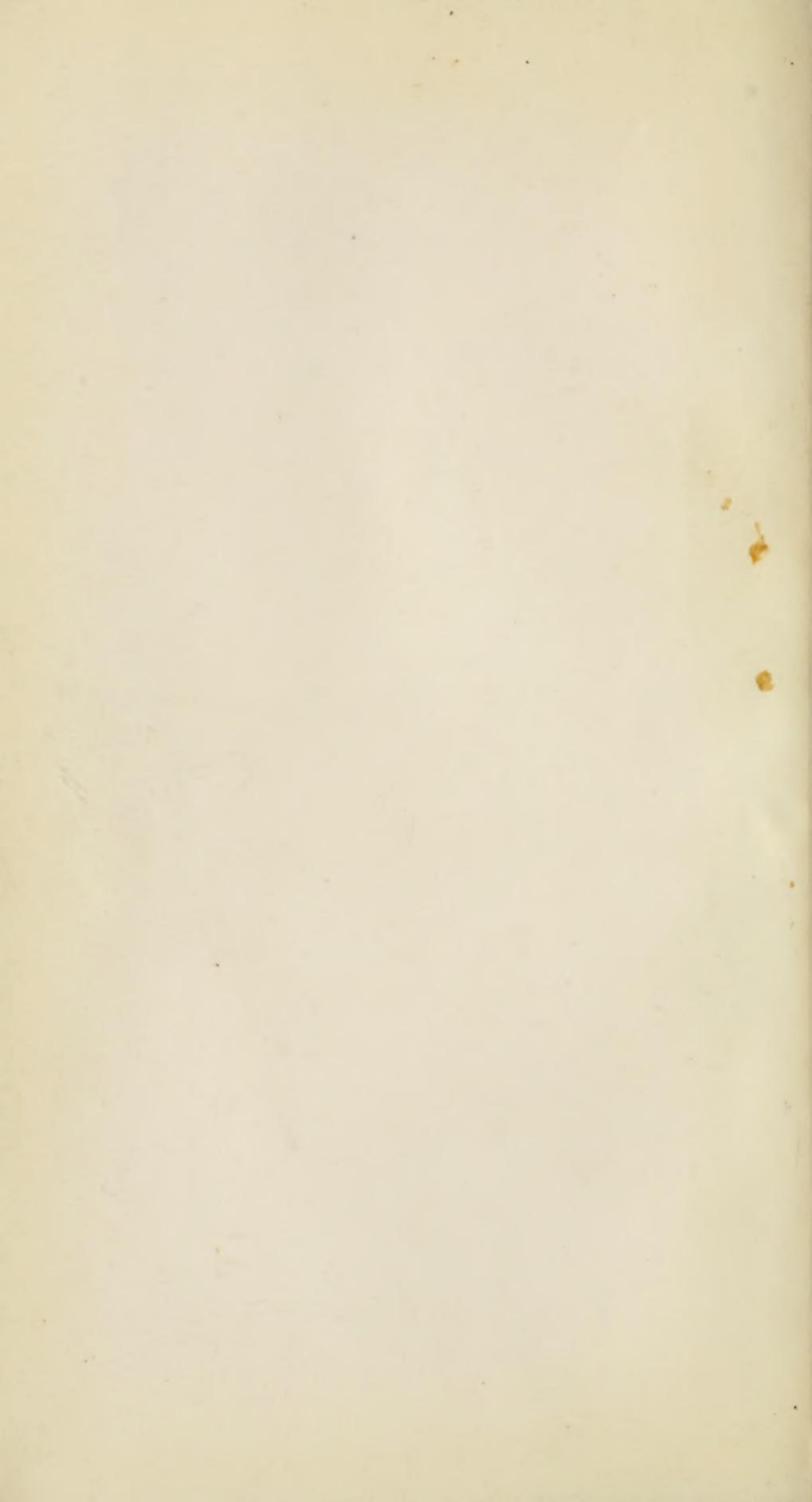
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1914





TO MY FRIEND



TO MY FRIEND

By

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



Decorated by

Emily Hall Chamberlain



THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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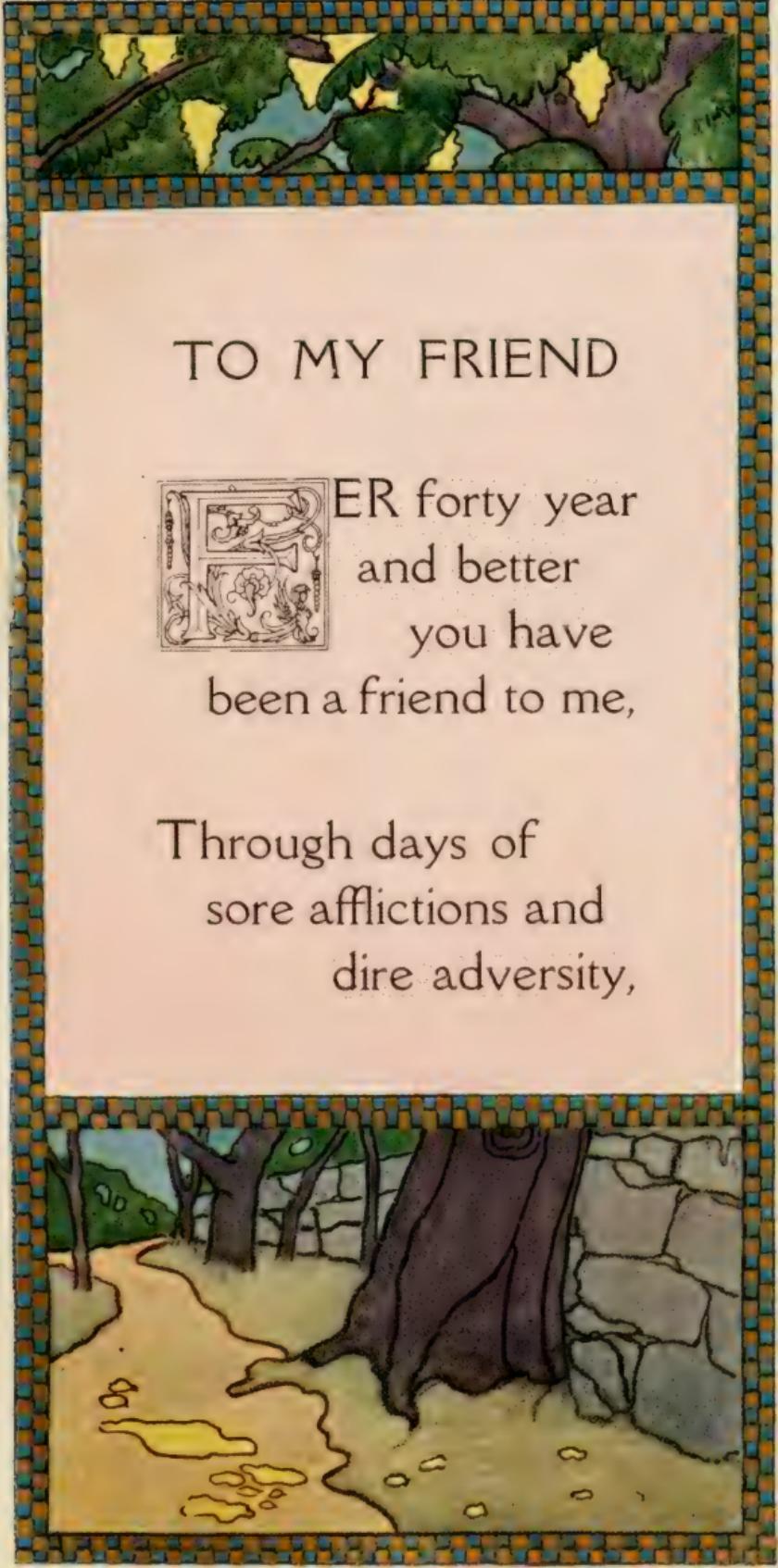
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TO MY FRIEND

ER forty year
and better
you have
been a friend to me,

Through days of
sore afflictions and
dire adversity,



You allus had a
kind word of
counsil to impart,

Which was like a
healin' 'intment to
the sorrow of
my hart.

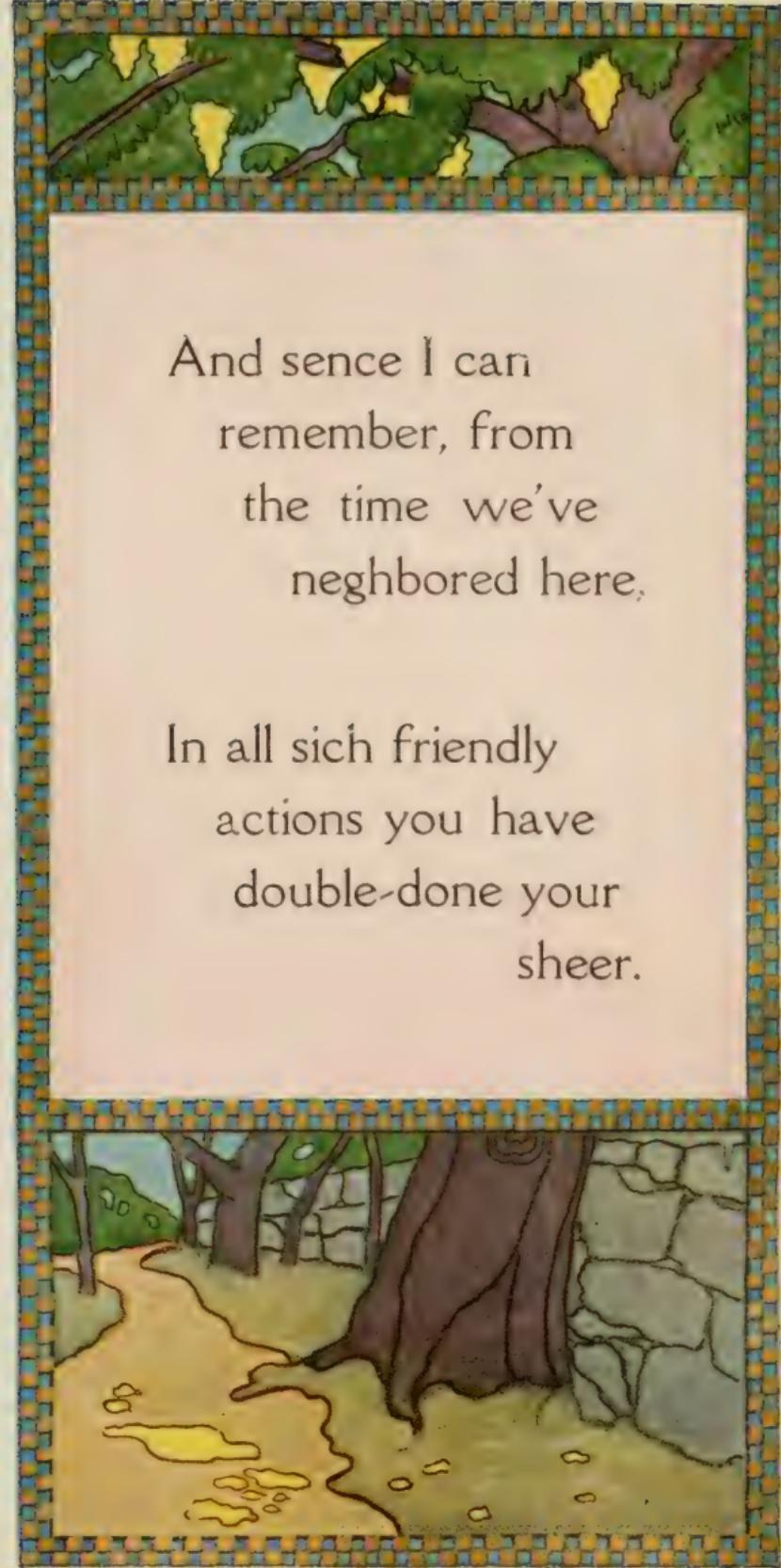




At the last Old
Settlers' Meetin'
we went j'ntly,
you and me—

Your hosses and
my wagon, as you
wanted it to be;





And sence I can
remember, from
the time we've
neghbored here,

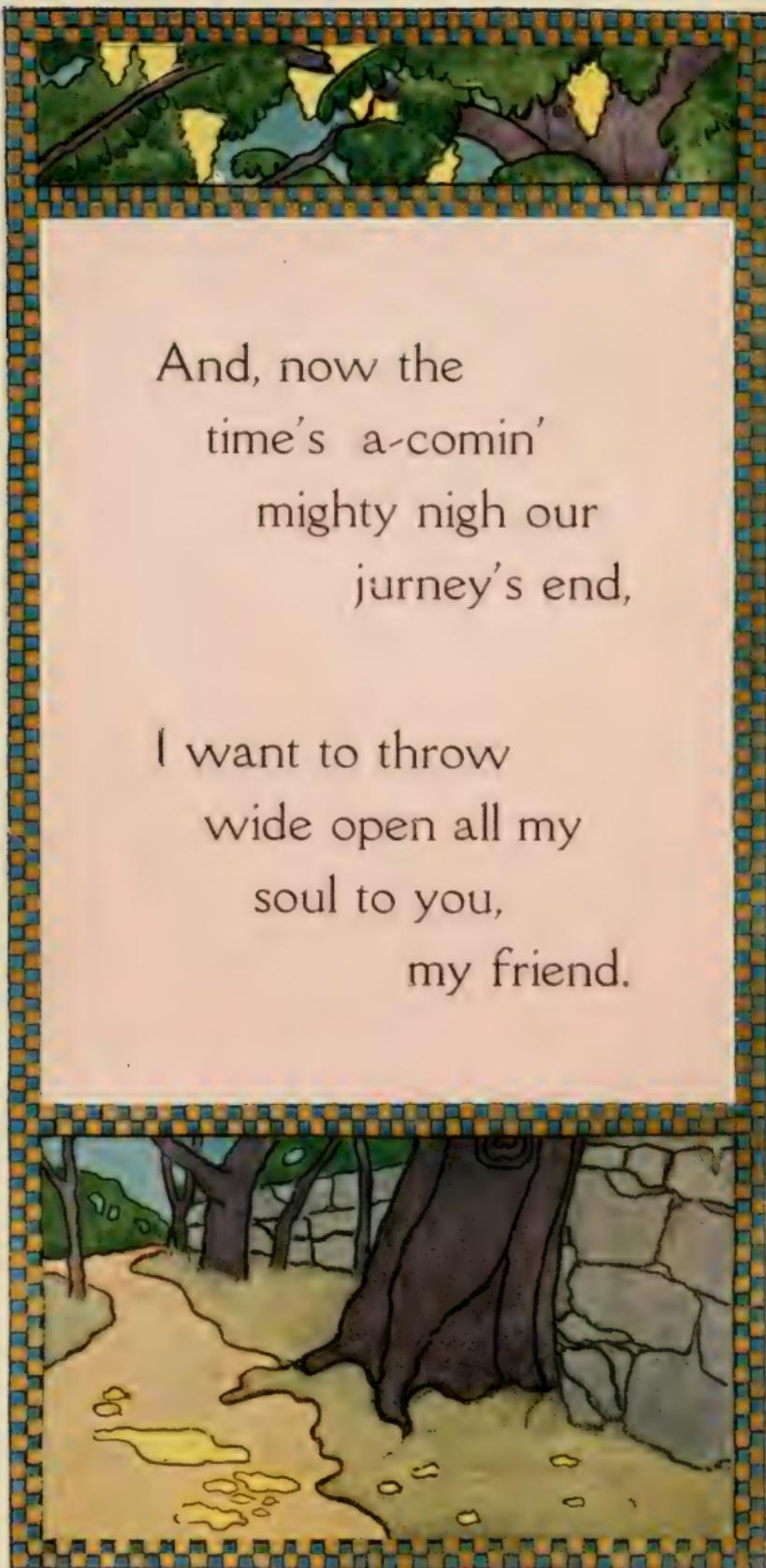
In all sich friendly
actions you have
double-done your
sheer.



Ways was devius,
William Leachman,
that me and you
has past;

But as I found you
true at first, I find
you true at last;





And, now the
time's a-comin'
mighty nigh our
journey's end,

I want to throw
wide open all my
soul to you,
my friend.



With the stren'th
of all my bein',
and the heat of
hart and brane,

And ev'ry livin'
drop of blood in
artery and vane,



When we had to
go on hoss-back,
and sometimes
on "Shanks's mare,"

And "blaze" a road
fer them behind
that had to travel
thare.





And now we was
a-trottin' 'long a
level gravel pike,

In a big two-hoss
road-wagon, jest
as easy as you
like—





Two of us on the
front seat, and our
wimmern-folks
behind,

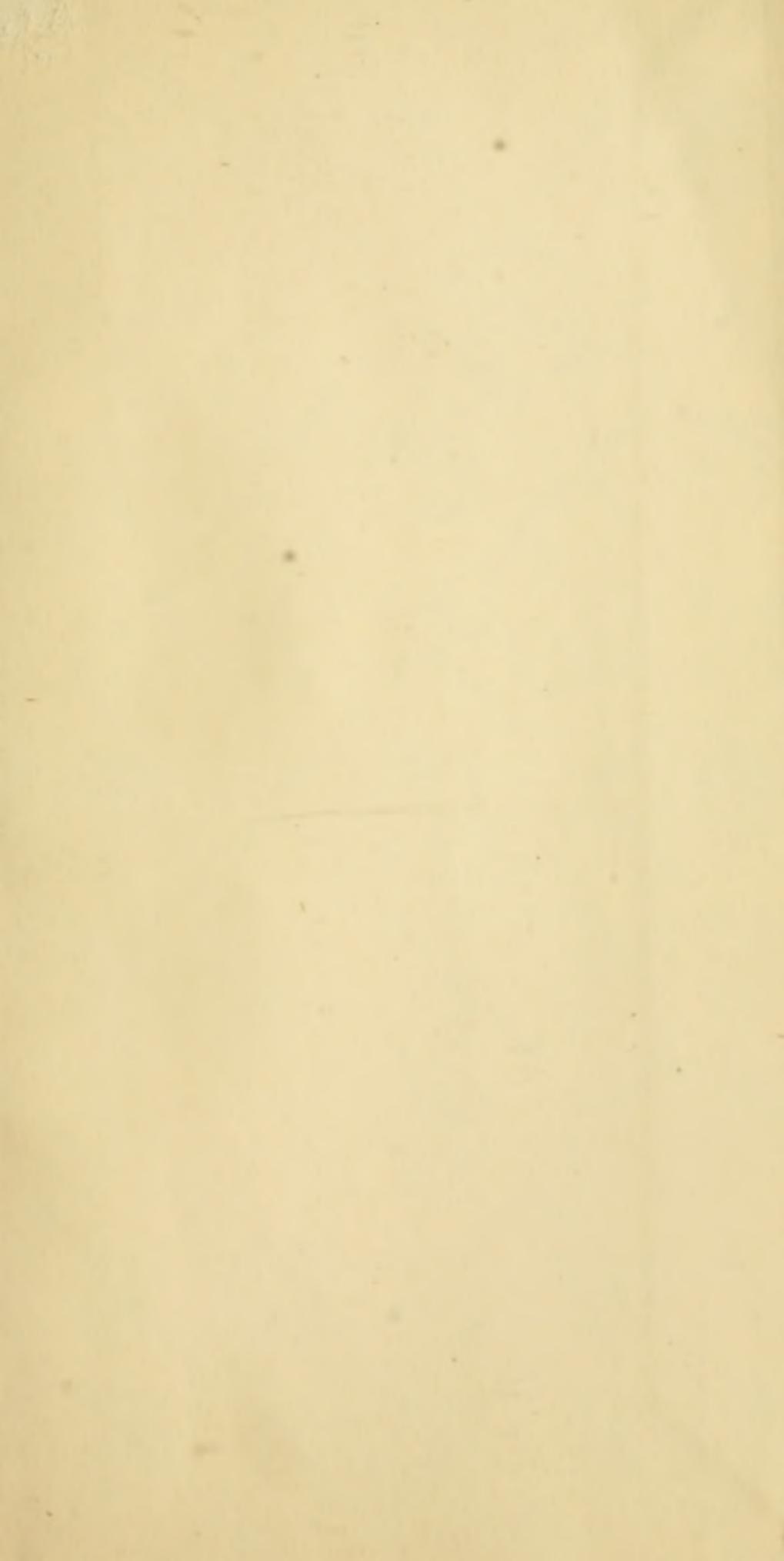
A-settin' in theyr
Winsor-cheers in
perfect peace of
mind!



OCT 4 - 1950











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